

A true Relation of one Susan Higges, dwelling in Risborough a Towne in Buckinghamshire, and how shee lived 20. yeeres, by robbing on the High-ways, yet unsuspected of all that knew her; till at last, comming to Mesfeldon, there robbing a woman; which woman knew her and called her by her name: now when she saw she was betrayed, she killed her, and standing by her while she gave three groanes, she spat three drops of blood in her face, which never could be washt out; by which shee was knowne and executed for the aforesaid murder at the Assises in Lent at Brickhill.

To the tune of, The worthy London Prentice.



To mourne for my offences,  
and former palled times,  
This sad and dolefull story,  
my heartie heart begins:  
Spent twickedly I spent my time,  
devoid of godly grace:  
A lecher woman never liv'd,  
I thinke in any place.

Pierre Buckingham I dwelled,  
and Susan Higges by name,  
Well thought of by good Gentlemen,  
and Farmers of good fame:  
Where thus, for twenty yeeres at least,  
I liv'd in gallant sort: (much  
Which made the Countrey marvell  
to heare of my report.

My state was not maintained,  
(as you shall understand)  
By god and honest dealings,  
nor labour of my hand:  
But by deceit and cozening thifts,  
the end whereof, we see  
Hath ever bene repaid with shame,  
and ever like to be.

My servants were young country girls,  
brought up unto my mind,  
By nature faire and beautifull,  
and of a gentle kinde:  
Who with their sweet enticing eyes,  
did many youngsters make  
To come by night unto my house,  
in hope of further love.

But still at their close meetings,  
(as I the plot had laid)  
I kept in still at quaires,  
while they the wantons playd.  
And would in question bring their  
except they disagree (names,  
To give me money for this wrong,  
done to my house and me.

This was but petty cozenage,  
to things that I have done:  
My weapon by the high way tree,  
hath me much money won:  
In mens attire I oft have rode,  
upon a Gelding stout,  
And done great robberies valiantly,  
the Countreys round about.

I had my scarves and shrods,  
my face for to disguise:  
Sometimes a beard upon my chin,  
to blind the peoples eyes:  
My Turkey blade, and pistols good,  
my courage to maintaine:  
Thus tooke I many a Farmers purse,  
well cram'd with golden gaine.

Great trove of London Merchants,  
I boldly have bid stand,  
And thewed my selfe most bravely,  
a woman of my hand:  
You ruffling Rapiers every one,  
in my defence lay then,  
While women still for gallant minds,  
may well compare with men.

45. 6. 28. 340.



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The second part, To the same tune.



**B**ut if so be it chanced,  
the Countrey were beset,  
with hue, and cryes, and warrants,  
into my house I get:  
And I so being with my spades,  
would cloake the matter so,  
That no man could by any meanes,  
the right offender know.

Yet God that still most iustly,  
doth punish every vice,  
Did bring unto confusion  
my fortunes in a trice:  
For by a murther all my sinnes  
were strangely brought to light,  
And such desert I had by law,  
as Justice claim'd by right.

Upon the Heath of Milseld  
I set a woman there,  
And rob'd her, as from market,  
home wards she did repaire,  
Which woman call'd me by my name,  
and said that she me knew; (blood,  
For which even with her liues dears  
my hands I did imbrow.

But after I had wounded,  
this woman unto death,  
And that her bleeding body,  
was almost rest of breath,  
She gave a groane, and there withall,  
did spit upon my face,  
Three drops of blood, that never could  
be wiped from that place.

For after I returned  
unto my house againe,  
The more that I it wash'd,  
it more appeared plaine: (birds,  
Each houre I thought that beasts and  
this murther would reveale,

Or that the ayre so vile a deed,  
no longer would conceale.  
So beavie at my conscience,  
this wooll murder lay,  
That I was lone enforced,  
the same for to be say,  
And so my servants made it knowne,  
as God appointed me:  
For blood can never secret rest,  
no long unpunisht be.

My servants to the Justices,  
declared what I had said;  
For which I was attached,  
and to the Tayle convey'd,  
And at the Sessions was condemn'd,  
and had my iust desert:  
Even such a death let all them have  
that beare so false a heart.

So farewell earthly pleasure,  
my acquaintance all adoe,  
With whom I spent the treasure,  
which causeth me to rue.  
I save off your wanton pastimes,  
lecherious and ill,  
Which without Gods great mercy,  
both soule and body kill.

Be warned by this story,  
you rustling Ropsters all:  
The higher that you climbe in sinne,  
the greater is your fall:  
And since the world so wicked is,  
let all desire grace,  
Grant Lord that I the last may be,  
that runneth such a race.

FINIS.

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